ALABAMA .... For The N. Y. Tribune. 1The signification of the fine Indian word, from which his beautiful State derives its name, is " Here we rest."

THE chieftain trod a weary track, His red-browed people at his back. Driven from his realm and wattled bower, Before his pale faced brother's power, Through Southern glades still wandering wide, The pole star on the cloud his guide; At evening's husb, with hollow sound, He struck his tent pole in the ground, And bowing low his plume-crowned head, Spoke the Great Spirit's name, and said, Alabama.

A wayward youth, with eye of fire, Roamed here, roamed there, in wild desire Exploring, bent his eager lip To every joy that worldlings sip, Until-a cheerful hearth beside-I saw him, with his pure souled bride; Fresh wreaths of home born joys she wove, In full requital of his love; And as she raised her trusting eye, I heard his grateful spirit sigh, Alabama.

The man who bartered all for gold Toiled on his way, through cares untold,-Insatiate still, with might and main, He taxed his hands and taxed his brain-O'er his worn brow new wrinkles broke, The life of life went out in smoke, His heart to pity beat no more, Locked in the hoard that hid his ore, Age on his temples wrote decay,-Yet still be said not-night or day, Alabama.

Great Author of this deathless mind ! If here on earth we fail to find, On this dim planet's tossing breast, The envied born of perfect rest, Make clearer to our searching eye The anchored Hope that cannot die; The unswerving Faith that may not fall ; The Charity, that conquereth all; And clinging there, though billows roll,-Teach the sweet motto to our soul,

Alabama, L H S Bartford, Conn. March, 1861.

## THE FINE ARTS.

The National Academy of Dealga. The exhibition is so rich in landscapes that our

critical notices naturally begin with them, and we shall say all that we have to say upon this department before proceeding to that of figures.

Mr. DURAND, the President, has nine works spon the walls. Of these it strikes us that No. 79, "a Landscape," in the second gallery, is the most characteristic and the most satisfactory, although undoubtedly it is not the one upon which he has labored most. But it has in sentiment that sweet tranquility, and in treatment that maturity and grace of manner, not without feebleness, that always mark this artist. Mr. DURAND finds his parallel in poetry, in the descriptive, pastoral school. He ranks with Thomson and Bloomfield, with the poets who have a deep and just feeling of the commonest aspects of Nature, and a faculty of expression whose character indicates the kind of satisfaction it expresses. It is an objective school, as the Germans would say that is, a school which is content with the portrait of Nature, and does not care to penetrate its spirit. Hence there comes to be no individual character in its works. They are pleasing transcripts of natural scenes, as such. The artist of this school has not seized Nature and wielded it as a symbol to express his own meaning, but what we all consciously see pictures do not smite us with the suspicion of something yet unapprehended by us, folded in the massive follage, or gliding along the haunted horizon of the moor. The pictures of this school are sunny and soft. We like to hang them upon the walls in rooms where we live. There they breathe the same consolation and refreshment over the tedium of the day that the original scenes in the landscape suggest to the man escaped from cities.

"O Juy to nom in the retreat, Impossible in universal dark. To drink the cooler air, and mark. The lardways working through the heat

But Nature no less inspires than consples. She tempts every man in the degree of his genius to woo her profoundest secret, and in the degree of his genius he wins it. Thus Turner uses Nature as a means. In his famous picture of the Locomotive and Train at full speed upon the Great Western Railway-it is not that scene which he primarily wishes to show us, but that, only as the indication of something deeper, and to make us feel and see, in contemplating his picture, all that the artist saw and felt in contemplating the scene. So in that remarkable picture of the casting of Wellington's statue. For the first moment the eye is simply dazzled. There seems to be a whirlpool only of fire. And no wonder at the dazzle and surprise, and no wonder at the profound and astonished satisfaction that ensues-for into that furnace the artist has thrust the Orient, and India, and Spain, and the long line of brilliant victories, that flash along Wellington's career. The artist thereby proves hat he is an artist, in revealing to the friends of Wellington the real significance of the statue they had erected. In Turner's picture we are made to see all that occasioned the erection of the statue.

This illustrates the character of the demand naturally made by the mind upon the artist. It is to show us the significance of what we see in Nature. The artist stands by my side and looks over the same landscape or into the same face, and then reveals to me all the character of which I was unconscious. It is this alone that redeems his creation from the charge of mere imitation, by which we mean, a mere superficial resem blance. In the last rigid analysis, of course, all art is resolved into imitation, because all types exist originally in Nature. But the highest art is the vision of those types and the ability to make all men see them. This truth can be very clearly illustrated in Poetry. Walking in a June sunset, after a thunder shower, every susceptible man is conscious of a singular glow of feeling in the exceeding beauty of the moment. But the emotion is very vague. He perceives only that he has some kind of feeling, which gradually reels away into revery, leaving a sadness quite as much because he could not fix the feeling, as because it was essentially mournful. Now to all such men, who are of the poetically sensitive nature, he will be the poet who most fully shows them what they saw and felt; and this special service is done for them, as one instance, in the 84th poem of Tennyson's "In Memorlam," to which we refer the reader, beginning

This kind of success is achieved by Turner and also by Claude-whose finest pictures are the expression of that peculiar spirit of Italian life and elimate which every poetic person perceives in

Of course, in such remarks, we do not mean strictly to compare poetical descriptions with paintings, nor do we forget that every landscapist has the same theme to treat and the same material to treat it with. You may say that if the artist truly paints what he sees in Nature the same . result must be necessarily produced upon the mind. That in portrait painting, also, if the outline of the face is justly drawn and the various simple study can greatly please the general

tints are accurately adjusted, the spectator must necessarily teel as well as see, the likeness, although it was done by no Poet and by means of the most mechanical imitation. This would be indisputable if looking were seeing. But certainly no man ever strolled through the woods or across the fields with an artist, without discovering that having eyes he saw not, and without meditating anew the striking story of Turner's remark to an anxious lady who surveyed the scene he was painting, and who ventured to say-"But Mr. Turner, I don't see all that in Nature"-"Madam, don't you wish you could!" It is avident that no man can paint a proper portrait until he understands the person's character he is paint-

We have rather wandered away from his Excellency's pictures -But it was, perhaps, as well to indicate what we meant by saying that he painted the oppearance rather than the spirit of Nature,-that he and his school, both in poetry and painting, are rather used by Nature than use it. They are pleased with the repose of a wood, with the contemplative cattle that quietly graze along its sunny edges or lie drowsily winking in the shade. They "pore upon the brook that babbles by "-and musily dream in soothed and aimless reverie-while the slow sunlight shifts along the wood-paths, and the tinkle of the returning kine sounds the homely dirge of day-In the same way and moved by the same spirit they love simple rocks and trees for their own sake. We shall find proofs of this upon the Ac ademy's walls. Simple studies are almost as dear and beautiful to them as pictures. Indeed their pictures are often only elaborated studies. They are soothed rather than stimulated by Nature. If they paint Autumn rural scenes we see the rainbow reaches of foliage, the husking, the golden corn, the buxom girls, the brawny boys-we hear the creaking wain, the measured flail-but we do not see the "spirit that haunts the year's last hours," nor hear the flail.

For the Summer overhipmen

These, however, are what we do want to hear and see in the picture. The artist, if he have an artistic vocation, has a finer car and a finer eye, lying behind his finer hand, and giving the prohand. He must use his skill to show us what no skill of ours could show. Were the forms and lines that lie under our eyes never so gracefully rendered upon his canvas, they could only serve as memoranda to the memory-and the instinct of every man who has any thought at all about the matter, assures him that the fine work of art, whether statue, or song, or picture, is something larger and lovelier than that.

This austerest demand of Art only a few mon in bistory have ever satisfied; and the various schools of artists have been, as it were, the long and lessening shadows of the great leaders. Ar tists speculate, and wonder, and experiment, as if the triumph of Art could be attained by science. Titian's color is analyzed and disputed and despaired of, as if all Titian's knowledge of the value of pigments would enable a man to paint a good picture. It is a tendency to ward the merest materialism, and you could as soon write poems because you had a dictionary of rhymes, as paint well because you had mastered the palette. The artist must, first of all, see, or he can never make others see.

It will be evident from this strain of remarks that we consider what may be called the Idealists in Art superior to the Realists-using the words, however, not absolutely, but simply to indicate the two classes, and meaning by the first, those who are gifted with the vision as well as the fac and feel in Nature he puts into graceful form. His ulty, divine, and by the last, those who, with the same human vision, as ourselves, have also the scape. Of this latter class, the English school of which Mr. DURAND is a most faithful disciple, is a fair exponent, and has hitherto rested content in that success. The same fact is observable in the history of English postry-But Torner will undoubtedly exercise the same influence upon Landscape Art in England that Wordsworth bas exercised, and is exercising upon its Poetry. Among ourselves, the late Mr. COLE may be mentioned as an Idealist in Land. scape Art, for nothing can be more unjust than the supposition that the Imagination has little to do surprise. On the day of the 13d, the streets of supposition that the Imagination has little to do with landscape painting. The artist, like the poet, must see with his imagination, if he would achieve an universal success. What was called the poetry of Mr. Cone's pictures was their sweetest secret, and occasioned directly the spectator s satisfaction.

Mr. DURAND, on the other hand, is a Realistusing the word as already qualified. In all his works we have the same clinging, un questioning, satisfied love of Nature-of her forms, of her detail, of her general quiet effects. It is always Summer, always silence upon his canvas. His pictures breathe peace. We are loiterers along glades and listeners to waterfalls. Broad meadows dotted with cattle, groups of heavily-foliaged trees, rippling or smooth-flowing streams, a leaf-hidden spire, a range of graceful highlands, whose outline swims away into a dreamy hazethese are the forms he loves. He is a close student of American nature, but the landscape of his pictures has usually the English air of cultivated repose. This is observable in Nos. 79 and 40. and in No. 183, "The two Oaks." No. 31, again is entirely American. This style of sentiment in the contemplation of Nature engenders, however, two faults in handling-weakness and excess of detail. The very tenderness of the perception o the scene stays the artist's hand, lest he should be partial in his power and sacrifice one point to another. But this very love of all points and fear of partiality, drives him into detail, into a care fulness of finish, that shows the same resulta want of broad vigor, which, however, the loveliest landscape in nature always has --This care of detail, again, indicates the faith. ful student. Whether no man can properly paint an oak tree until he has mastered Botany, as subtle critics say, may be yet a ques tion, although we should be very sorry should any reader suppose we advocated anything less than the most diligent study of Nature and the resources of Art. This is peculiarly the praise of Mr. DURAND, that his water is water, and his trees are trees. No. 183, "The Two Oaks," shows how faithfully his hand waits upon his eye, although this picture is only a study. No. 31 'Kaaterskill Clove,' shows the same thing-the broken rock and debris of trees upon the left are much the most effective group of the picture. The trees seem rather hard and raw and there is a want of delicate aerial perspective. The hills behind are too hard, and the whole picture, although showing much and careful study, is certainly less pleasing than No. 403, "The Morning Ride." Perhaps it is a fair fault of No. 31 glso that, hanging upon the walls of the Exhibition it is too much a mere study, and more properly placed in the artist's studio. It has some of the material of a fine picture, but hardly sustains a larger claim. In fact, in a fine picture the spectator does not wish to admire parts and details and the character of a study should not appear in the finished work, while all the observation and knowledge of the study should be wrought

into it. Nos 259 and 304, "Studies from Nature,"

are good as studies, but too much mannered. No

spectator unless there is such extreme beauty in the subject and ability in the treatment that be instantly perceives the poetic feeling that selected the poetic bit from all the wilderness of mountain, field and stream. Mr. KENSETT's Nos. 186 and 202 are sixed successes in this kind. They represent simple groups of mossy rocks, but they rise to the dignity of beautiful pictures.

We must not prolong this article further. Mr.
Durand is now undoubtedly in the prime of this
power and at the maturity of his manner. For some seasons his works have been of a uniform quality and degree of excellence, and the clarater of his pictures indicates the character of his fu ture fame. In our next we shall proceed with the works of the other landscapists who in this exhibition have done so much honor to them-

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE IEISH CONFEDERATES, AND THE RESE, LION OF 1798. By HENRY M. FIELD. 12:00. pp.3. Hasper and Brothers.

A connected parrative of the struggles for Irish Freedom towards the close of the last century must abound with incidents of no ordinary interest, and present an attractive study not only to the descendants of the gallant patriots of that day, but to all whose sympathies with man lead them to glow with indignant scorn at the outrages of tyranny. The author of this volume has engaged with a glowing enthusiasm in the composition of his work,-attracted to the subject by a personal visit to Ireland, and an intimate acquaintance with the families of the exiles in New York,-he has sought out the various sources of information with the diligence of an antiquarian, and has woven up the result of his labors into a narrative of remarkable simplicity, earnestness, and pathos-

The volume is introduced with a rapid sketch of the history of Ireland, which, as the author cor. rectly remarks, is known only to a limited extent. The border wars between England and Scotland have employed the pens of historians and poets, while the far more determined resistance of the Irish to their conquerors fills but a narrow space in the annals of Great Britain. Glancing at the causes of the enmity between Ireland and Eng. land, and the commencement of the struggle for independence, the author proceeds to give an extended biographical portraiture of the leaders of the great rebellion, which began during the Amerifound and permanent value to the works of that | can war, and closed with the Union in the year 1800. "The progress of the story," to use his

own words, "brings into view every variety of incident. Now armed batallions move across the field in brilliant array-and now we follow peasents in their biding places among the bills. At one moment we are in the heat of the battle-and then alone on the field at night, listening to the wall of a mother over her son. Now the narrative leads us to the floor of parliament, watching till midnight the stormy debate-then to the courtroom where the young and ardent patriot is on trial for his life-and next we see him, attended

The plot was out. The conspirators were in prison. Their papers had been seized. The fatal secret was known,—that the night of the 2 id of May was fixed for the insurrection. On the 22d, Lord Castlereagh came into the Parliament House with the appailing message, that the next day the storm of war would burst upon the island. The spirit of the Commons rose with danger. Toey threw back the threat of insurrection with de

threw back the threat of insurrection with defiance. To show their loyalty, they marched in a body to the Castle to pledge the Lord Lieutenant that they would stand by him to the last.

No words an describe the state of Dublin at this period. There was treason in the applial as "Committees were frequently discovered in deliberation; blacksmiths were detected in the act the children in the state of the committees were frequently discovered. of making pikes; and sentinels were frequently bred at, or accounted down at their posts. In mense quantities of pikes and other arms were seized in different parts of the city." It was said that the No man was safe. Neighbors shunned each other. Masters were afraid of their servants. It was known that a great number had taken the oath— Even the servant of the Lord Mayor was found to be implicated in the conspiracy. He had engaged to admit his confederates into the house at dead of ht. The most loyal citizen knew not but there re conspirators under his own roof. He might He might be beirayed by one who waited at his table, or

Dublin were filled with troops, marching to points of defense. Long columns of infantry filed out through the avenues. Officers galloped through the streets. The cavalry rattled over the pavement. Cannon were dragged to the outposts of the city. Dablin is defended on its north and south sides by broad and deep canals. The troops were posted in strong force on all the bridges. A day or two after, they were fortified by gates and palisades. The troops lay down on their arms.
The night was passed in anxious suspense. The capital breathed heavily. But its tranquility was not disturbed. The vigorous measures of repres-sion preserved Dublin from an outbreak at this

me and throughout the war.
While these fearful preparations were going or, the face of nature seemed strangely in con-trast with the human passions that raged above it. The beautiful month of May was melting into the warm, blue Summer. The earth had come forth in blossoms and in flowers. The island had put on its rote of spring, unconscious that its beaut was so soon to be stained with blood. It was r marked by all that the weather was unusually se rene. The sky was without a cloud, an omen which the people interpreted as the blessing of Heaven on their cause; and some who were strong

in faith prophesied that no mere rain should fail until Ireland was free.

The plot had been to selze the mail coaches coming out of Dublin, on all the great routes, and thus cut off communications between the capital d the country. The burning of these was to be e signal of insurrection to the whole kingdom. Already for some nights fires had been seen burning on the Wicklew Mountains, which were evidently intended as signals to the insurgents.of troops which lay seven miles south Dublin. At the same moment, a rising was to take place within the capital. Silently assembling in lanes and alleys, armed with pikes and other weapons, at a given signal, they were to move to the assault. One party was to attack Newsate, and rescue Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and the Fitzgerald, and the other state prisoners. Two bodies, advancing on the Castle, were to assault it at once, in front and rear. A select party provided with ladders was to mount to the chambers, and selze the Lord Licutenant. The privy council were to be secured in their own houses. Thus the Rebellion would

e master of the Government at a blow.

The plan was well laid, and could it have been carried out with courage and secrecy, might have proved successia. But the Government had been apprised of all their plans, and acted with a comptness which disconcerted the insurgents -Still the appointment of the 23d of May was obmany places, particularly in the county

On that night few of the inhabitants retired to rest. Weapons were brought forth from places of concealment. Peasants took their departure from the cabin door with stealthy steps. Aloreds was heard the tread of hurrying feet.

A few hours saw collected a large body of armed ien, grim warriers, who had never stood before in battle array, gaunt figures on which hunger and oppression had done their work. Bome came ering a rusty firelock, some trailing an old rbuss, but most armed with long, deadly pikes. Over their ranks fluttered a green flag. It was the flag of Ireland.

It was about midnight that the insurgents as-

sembled. Their blood was not suffered to cool before they were led to battle. Two towns were before they were led to cattle. I we towns were attacked that night. Prosperous was carried by y surprise. The barrack was set on fire. A de-tachment of militia perished by the flames, and by the pikes of the insurgents. The Captain is have been unusually severe in the inflic tion of military executions, and to have fallen b the hand of a man whose house he had burned.
At Neas another party had nearly stolen on the

town, when a dragoon came galloping in with the slarm, the drum best to arms, and the attack was

In the course of a low days a number of antions had been fought, but too detached for us to follow. Acting without concert, and in confused masses, the insurgents were generally defeated. But they cut off several small hodies of trans. and took some arms and ammunition. They obstructed the roads so that for a week no mall arrived in the capital. They carried May nooth They surprised a military party at Dunboyne, within eight miles of Rublin. The result, too, to several combats, was such as to inspire them with confidence. At Ricules a body of rehels taken post about the Church. General D. roce up with a troop of forty horsemen, and with-out wanting for his infantry, dashed upon them -But the Irish pikes proved more than a match if the horse and his rider. The cavalry recoiled Again they rushed to the snock. Again borses fell backward, and riders rolled from their saidles. At the third charge the troop was almost wholly destroyed. Two Captains and twenty-two privates were killed on the spot, and ten so badly that most of them died soon after. This little affair did much to remove the terror which the in-surgents at first had felt of the charges of cavalry.

Though these actions were small, they spread universal consternation. Every man trembled under a sense of insecurity. Men on horseback were shot at from behind hedges. Often in a light night, armed men were seen stealing about the residences of the gentry. The sky was reddened with conflagrations. Loyalists, who remained in the country, were obliged to bolt and bar, and garrison their houses. Others fied from their homes, and sought safety in the towns. Small military

posts were deserted, that the troops might concentrate in large bodies.

But the county of Kildare was unfavorable to this guerilla warfare. No mountains guard it from approach. No will distincts hills the peasant from his foe. Among the hills, climbing among rocks, and darting into the thick forest, the peasant was the e-ual of the soldier. But the extensive plains of Kildare present no defense against an army. They lie close to the capital, and were of course easily overrun. Troops of cavalry scoured the country. Hundreds laid down their arms.— Still a band under the heroic Aylmer kept the Still a band under the below to the bog of field, and by retreating rapidly, now to the bog of Allen, and now to the Wicklow Mountains, they allen, and now to the Wicklow Mountains, they kept the standard of rebellion affort. band was the last that surrendered in the war, and then only on the promise of a general amnesty.

ENCAMPMENT ON VINEGAR HILL. The first rising was headed by a Catholic priest, whose name scon became famous. Father John Murphy was the son of a farmer. He had been educated at Seville in Spain. He now spread the alarm of war by lighting a fire one hill which was answered from a distance. A band of insurgents soon collected around him, with which he took post on the hill of Oulart. A detachment of 110 picked men of the North Cork militia marched to placed men of the North Cots militia marched to attack them. The terror which they had struck into the poor peasantry left them not a doubt that they should easily scatter the rebels with great slaughter. They fired two volleys and charged furiously up the hill. The Irish were seized with a panic at this first onset of regular troops, and broke their ranks and fied. Father John flew to their head, shouting that troops were alvancing a so from the other side of the hill—that they were by soldiers, marching to the place of execution with slow step and muffled drum."

We give below the account of the detection of the plot to take Dublin and the Rising in Kildare with one or two other extracts which present a favorable specimen of the manner of the author.

The Refers of 1708.

The plot was out. The conspirators were in the plot was no retreat—they must conquer or die. Quick as thought they who were advancing and rushed upon the troops, who surrounded-that there was no retreat-they must

hon been crushed in the bud. But this success gave them confidence. It blew up their onthu-siasm. As they saw the uniforms of more than a hundred dead soldiers scattered over the hill, every pensant lelt strong in his courage and in his trusty pike. The tidings flew fast. Fires blazed from the hills. The insurrection spread in all quarters. And thousands of peasants came flocking to the

The military who had been so merciless to the people had now their turn to fear. had escaped were pale with terror, as they told of the savage ferecity with which the rebels fought. They found that it was one thing to tie up an Irish persont and whip him in their barracks, and quite another to meet him when "his foot was on his unit to treath." Then the same free, and a pike in his hard. At Gorey the whole population, troops and all, abandoned the town, and fled for their Many came to the priests for protection, and thinking that their only safety was in becom-ing Catholics, begged to be baptized. To the honor of the pricats, be it said, that their interference saved many lives. To the panie which this battle caused, is to be referred more than one dis-

father Murphy did not suffer this enthusi-sm to be lost. The next day he marched to asm to be lost. attack Enniscorthy. This town is divided into two parts by the river Slaney, which is crossed by a stone bridge. The insurgents approached on the western side. They drove before them horses cattle to disorder the ranks of the enemy, and with loud shouts advanced to the attack. soon penetrated the town, which they set on fire The troops at the gates were forced to fall back to the bridge. Here they maintained a most obsti-nate defence. Some idea of the severity of the nate defence. Some idea of the severity of the engagement may be formed from the fact that one company fired forty rounds each man. But the river at this time was low, and by wading up to the middle, and some of them up to the neck, the ebels were able to cross, and to take the troops The town was set on lire on the eastern ide of the river. The order was given to retreat. and children, mothers carrying their infants on their backs, fled through the burning streets. This terrified multitude poured forth on the road to Wexford, fourteen miles to the south. Happily they were not pursued, and succeeded in making

eir escape. The rebels, too content with their victory to chase the flying foe, now set about establishing an entrenched camp. The town of Emiscorthy lies at the foot of a lofty eminence, called Vinegar Hill. As the setting sun fell across the landscape, thousands of armed peasants might be seen climb rations for the rest of the war, we may mount hill with them, and take a look at their camp.

on the summit stood an old windmill, which On the summit stood an old windmill, which they converted into a guard-house for prisoners. On the tower they planted the green flag of Ireland, which floated in full view of the country for miles around. Along the edge of the hill they threw up an intrenchment, on which they planted a few cannon. Sentinels were stationed around the hill, and videts along the roads. The bell of the Church of Enniscorthy, which had been taken down, was swung between two beams to mark the hours for changing guard, and to strike the alarm in case of a surprise.

The appearance of the encampment was motley enough. A few white tents dotted the field, under which their chiefs lay down to rest. But the peowhich their chiefs lay down to rest. But the peo-ple slept under the open sky. From this exposure they suffered little as the weather was uncom-monly mild. In such a promiscuous multitude no great discipline could be preserved. Such was the want of order that many, who lay down by their arms at night, missed them in the morning. Gordon relates—what I hope for the honor of my horces is not true—that "often, when a rebel was sound sleep, he was robbed by some associate of his gun, or other article at that time valuable, so that many, to prevent stealing, had to sleep flat on their bellies, with their hat and shoes tied der their breasts.

In the day time the camp was thronged with a multitude of women, who came to bring pro-visions to their husbands and brothers. All ages were collected, old men with grey beards, leaning on the long pike as on a staff: and young men, as brave lads as ever shipped across a bog, or danced on the village green by moonlight. Men and boys lay about sprawling on the ground, or were collected in groups talking over the fortunes of the war, or listening to some belligerent priest who had take the command to fight the good fight in a

There were many priests in the camp, and they had great influence over the wild peasantry. Mass was performed as regularly as the morning parade. Sermons were preached to inflame the religious Sensiticism of the people, and assure them that they had engaged in a holy war. One priest de-clared in a sermon, "That God Almighty beriended them in all their operations for the attainment of liberty; and that the whole of the business was as visibly his work, as that of dividing the Red Sea by Moses. The Irish derived great afidence from the presence of their priests, for ey believed them possessed of all ulcus power. They and, "Father John Murphy caught red hot builets in his hand." Another

priest took bullets out of his pocket, and assured the prople that they had hit him in battle in dif-ferent parts of his body, and that they could not do him any injury. The Irish thought that they do him any injury. The Irish thought that they would derive a part of this security from being blessed by a priest. They had especial blessed by a priest. They and aspectal venera-tion for Father Keane, a little, gray headed old man, commonly called "the blessed priest of Ban-now." He constantly visited the rebel camp. He rode on a pony, which was led by two pikemen, who cried out with a long voice, "Make way for the blessed priest of Bannow." The growd fell on their baces, and asked his blessing. He distributthe blessed priescot Bannow." The their bores, and asked his blessing. their knees, and asked his blessing. He distributed a great many little scapulars to the rebels, assuring item that with these on, a ball from a heretic gun could do them no more injury than a pea. O'ten they knell down, hissed the ground and crossed themselves. Then rising up, they were in an instant in all the tumulcof war. Again they were around their camp fires, cooking a soldier's meal, or drinking snocks to the Irish Republic. Shouts of victory rang round. Nor was music wanting to complete the pomp and circumstance of war. Often was their patriotic ardor and field with sound of file and drum. Then some hindled with sound of file and frum. Then some stratorian voice burst into a song to their new born liberty, while thousands joined in the chorus of Erin marournen, Erin go brugh.

IMPRISONMENT OF SAMUSON

The fate of Sampson was still more remarkable. From the day that he was thrown into prison, his constant demand had been for a trial. As he had taken no part in the plots against the Government -sshe was not even a United Irlshman-he knew nothing could be proved against him. Probably the Government knew so too, and did not care to bring to trial one whose acquittal would cover them with confusion. When the agreement with the Government was proposed, he had no personal interest in it whatever, for his life was in no dan-ger. But with the generosity which made a part of his character, he instantly sacrificed himself to save the lives of others. He engaged to go into exile, on condition that the military executions, which were decimating his countrymen, should cesse. As his bealth was declining in prison, he was released before the others on condition of going to Portugal. He embarked, and three days going to Fortigal. He embarked, and three days after was ship wrecked on the coast of Wales.—Here he found himself an object of suspicion and almost of terror, from the impressions which were abroad of the Irish revolutionists. Even his name conveyed to their minds the idea of a being capable of great destruction. A military officer wrote to London to ask how he should treat this dangerous classetter, and resolved discourse. gerous character, and received directions " to observe, but not to molest him. After his long con-finement he found an exhibitation in the free mountain air. He rambled over the rocks of the country, and the toil of the day made welcome the bright fire and the frugal evening meal. "We had a clean fire side, and that cordial pleasure which arises from past toil. We had a piper to play to us at dinner, and we danced to his music in the evening." The simple Welsh were kind and hospitable, and when they had got over the dread of so terrible a personage, manifested a sincere attachment for him, so that it was with a feeling of regret that, after a detention of eight weeks, he bade adieu to their mountains to resume his voyage.

At Oporto he again met with kindness. An

English merchant, to whom he brought letter, with that generous hospitality which the English know so well how to render, welcomed him to his heart and home. In the novel scenes of a strange country he found much to amuse him, and he was be ginning to lead a quiet and pleasant life, when he was surprised one day by the visit of an officer with a party of armed men, who seized him and his servant, and commenced a search for papers, turning his baggage upaide down, and shaking out every article of inen in the hope of finding some concealed writing. The interpreter told him that he was arrested by order of the English minister, on account of something he was supposed to be writing. His papers he gave up without hesita-tion, and was conducted to the house of the Corregidor. Here he was lodged in the style which became a prisoner of state. He had a large audience hall to himself, furnished with a guard, and seven or eight servants to wait at breakfast His poor servant meanwhile was d the malefactors in irons below, thrown smid the though afterward, at his entreaty, allowed to come into the same room with himself.

But what this sudden and strange imprisonment was for, was a mystery. The guards about him conversed freely on every other subject but this. At first they told him that he had been arrested by orders from the King of England. Then they said that the Queen of Portugal did not like him.
Meanwhile couriers went and returned from Lisbon : and he was told that his fate depended on the

news they brought.

news they brought.

It was now proposed to him to go to Lisbon, where it was said he should see the English and Portuguese ministers, and le set at liberty. His friend advised him to accede to this arrangement, as the most speedy way of coming to an explanation with the authorities. He accordingly prepared to set off the next morning. As soon as he was called up, he looked out of the window, and perceived an armed escort standing before the door. The prospect was dismal enough, but to an Irishman nothing comes amiss, and he found much to msn nothing comes amiss, and he found much to amuse him on the journey. A variety of travelers joined their party, so that they formed quite a cara-van. Two Dominican frians were of the company, with whom he talked Latin. A troupe of Italian comedians-comprising men and carriers carrying cels to some Hidalgo, a mulatto bon, and a poor barefooted Gallego, going to seek for work, who danced and sang before them the whole way. Sampson traveled in a litter hung between two mules, and it was everywhere given out that he was a grandee going to the Minister of State. His servant jogged beside him on a mule. Thus in a kind of ridiculous pomp, and with many a merry laugh, they traveled along the

At length, after seven days' journey, the towers of Lisbon rose in sight. Friars and comedians took their leave, and Sampson entered the capital, attended only by his guard. They filed through long streets, and at last drew up before a dark, rowning wall that looked like a fortress. The windows were grated with iron, through which mourn ful captives were looking at this new visitor.— Where washe? What was this? But he ha no time to ask questions. Descending from his litter, he was led through long, dreary passages; a bolt was drawn, a heavy iron door awang open and he was once more the occupant of a dark, noisome cell. He was in the Inquisition !

His situation was now more gloomy than ever. could hear no friendly voice. which reached his ear were the rattling of bolts, the clanking of chains, or the echo of some footfall along the passages of the prison. Here were thieves and murderers, and prisoners of state men who had committed all crimes, and men who had committed none. Far down in the earth, were durgeons where captives languished, and sighed in vain for liberty. Here men had grown sighed in vain for liberty. Here men had grown old. Here they had lived till they had forgotten their very names. Here too he might be left to wear away life till his hair had grown gray.

Strange to tell, one of his predecessors very cell had been an American Captain, William Atkingon from Philadelphia. Sampson found his name written on the wall with a pencil. He had been secretly confined here for some time, for purchasing a barrel of powder which belonged to the public stores. At lergth, when his money was gone, and he could no longer fee his jailers they bethought themselves to loquire whathe was put in for, and finding the trilling nature of the arge, they let him go

Sampson would have had no anxiety in regard to himself, had he known what accusation was to be brought against him. But the mystery with which he was surrounded excited his worst fears. He strongly suspected that foul play was intended, and that it was instigated by those who had persecuted him in his own country. All about him maintained the most impenetrable sergecy.— Neither from his jailers, nor from the officers of Police, could be obtain the least clue to the crime with which he was charged, nor to his probable fate. At one time a French Captain, who was a prisoner of war, passing the door of his cell, whispered through the keyhole, to tell him to arm homself with courses, for it was said that it was be who had made the revolution in Holland. At another time he heard, that he was to be zent on board an English ship of war to be transported to a prison ship at Gibraltar.

He soon obtained some mitigation of his hard

captivity. He was transferred to a large room, where he had the company of a young Daulsh nobleman. They were introduced to each other as two grandees of different countries, but for the present under a common misfortune. At length an officer of the Police came to the prison with his papers, and in presence of the jailer delivered them safely into his band. He found them all numbered as if they had served for references. and from certain appearances. Sampson thought they had recently come from England. Still there was no talk of his liberation. The mystery of his

situation seemed to grow darker. One night be was disturbed by the arrival of officers of the Tolice, who desired him to enter a carriage.
Whither he was good he knew not. The night
was clear, and the commanding officer endeavowas clear, and the commanding officer endeavoused to amuse him by point as an objects of interest as they rode through the atreets, perhaps todiver the prisoner's thoughts from the treathery of his keepers. The carriage stopped before another prison, and he was immoniately locked up in a foul, dark hole, which looked more like the deat of form, dark hole, which holded have the confinement of a wild be ast than a place for the confinement of any human creature. It was a dungoon about as large as the inside of a coach. A faint glomer of light peered through a small craftice pierced in a wall many feet thick. Even this narrow sporters was partly closed by an iron grate. In this stilling cavern he was left to pender on the fate that was probably before him. But in his darkest lour he had one allowation in the attendance of his falt. ful servant. This make fellow never marmated at his own lot. All his regrets were for the hard ships of his master.

His jailers, who were not moved by pity sens

rally were by money, and a timely present now cleaned his transfer to a large room, from which he had a view of the see. This was a great relief to his solitary hours. It was a happiness even to look upon the bounding waters, for they at least were free. He would sit by the window for hour, watching the ships of different nations going to see, or returning from their voyages, and for a time forget the gloomy walls around him. Like a true Irishman, he found consolation also in the eyes of some fair schoritas which were best apon from acress the street. Drawing them to the window by an air on his flute, he contrived signals by which be commenced a harmless firstation with these Portuguese maidens, who might be supposed to look with pity on the sorrows of a captive knight. He wrote billets and shot them over the walls with a bow and arrows, and was rewarded with glances from the young schorling in spite of a watchild lather and a harsh duesas. In the yard of the pris in there was a gate wh led down to the sea. Through this he had one seen files of conviers led away, scorred each an iron ring about his neck, and by this to an imbar which held all tegether in a row. The days deliverance at length came, and he was ordered on board a ship to be sent out of the country. Through this gloomy gate he was conducted his a convict to the place of embarkation, and waing his hand as a farewel to the pitying maidens, he bade adjeu to the land of his captivity.

THE EMPIRE STATE.

Northern New-York - Condition and Progress -- Railroads and Villages -- Agriculture and

Correspondence of The Tribune.

Lewville, Friday, April 11. Northern New York, a section of the State rick in resources and growing in importance, has been looked upon as a remote and almost distinct Commonwealth by many in the Southern part of the State, and is but little known even in the City. A visit to the Northern Counties is sufficient to remove the erroneous ideas entertained in regard to their importance and their great agricultual and mineral interests. There are nowhere in the State better opportunities for investment than is the Northern Counties, which require only the introduction of capital to call into activity and stigulate that which is already here.

There is everywhere a steady, substantial is crease in wealth, improvement in appearance and soli . building up of the interests of the sera. ral Counties. The old difficulties in the way of rapid and pleasurable travel, as well as the obts. cles which prevented cheap and rapid transports. tion to and from the great markets, are fast dies pearing. Numerous Plank Roads have been conatructed on almost all the principal highwaysthe old and tedlous journey from Utica to Canon or Ogdensburgh, 130 miles or more, being now made over well built Plank Roads, which have branch roads in various directions. The highest from Rome to Watertown is furnished with a well constructed Plank Road, which connects by side roads with Sackets Harbor, and the Uto

and Ogdensburgh roads at Antwerp.
The long delayed and slowly progressing on-pletion of the Black River Canal, affords anothe element of prosperity, chiefly at present to its north of Oneida, Lewis, and a part of Jeffessa Counties. The advantages to be enjoyed in Lewis County for manufacturing establishment tanneries, and lumbering, are becoming min known and fully appreciated by capitalists, number of whom have within two years put of

loose and other rivers.
Railroads, however valuable canals and plan roads may be, must eventually become necessary for the increasing business of the Northern State. The Rome and Watertown Railroad, which will soon be completed, inevitably benefiting the country, will find enough business to keep a profitably employed. The Northern Railros, from Ogdensburgh to Rouse's point, ranging along the northern limb of the State, not farfron business. These two roads will, necessarily, its very few years, be connected by a road from Watertown to Ogdensburgh-a junction to be

desired, and realized at an early day.
Watertown and Sackett's Harbor, Carthagets Saratoga are to be connected by a railroad from Lake Ontario to Saratoga, bisecting on its west-ern part the region known as "John Brown's Tract," and making the wilderness echo with the tread of the rotating feet of the iron horse and the steam whistle of the modern leviathan of locomotion and progress. In this region are locked up, withthe recesses of the forest and the storehouses of Nature, which need but to be opened, immense treasures of mineral wealth. That these are to be examined within a not distant period,

there can be but little doubt. To speak in detail of the villages of Northers New York, or of its resources, would deman more of your space than you can spare. Water town, in Jefferson County, is a noble inland town. Its presperity is not surpassed by any placed the size in the State, while its position, and is immense advantages for water-power, and is rich agricultural country which backs it, render one of the most inviting and promising places our State for investment of capital or for redence. The Power state for investment of capital or for redence. dence. The Rome and Watertown Railroad bring this striding place into a much closer pro

imity with the city.

Carthage, also located on the Black River, see 15 miles above Watertows, possesses great factics for the employment of machinery of eval description. It is a large and prosperous sillar which will become the carter of a floatishing settion, and be greatly benefited by the complete of the Black River Canal.

Ogdenaburgh, in St. Lawrence Co., 60 min orth of Watertown, at the mouth of the Orth gatchie River, builds its wharves in the noble & Here is the western terminus of the Lawrence. Northern Railroad, and the active, busy, thritte aspect of the place is in no measure contradict by the amount of its business, its mills and at chine-shops, its steamboats and its railroad off.
The country surrounding is rich, and feels their

The Northern Railroad, since its opening of the 26th of last September, has done a handsom business. There have been 100,000 barrels flour on storage in the ample depots at Ogden burgh at one time. Of the road itself, terms the highest commendation may be used-build smoothness, straightness and manageness it will compare with any road in the State. Us der the efficient superintendence of Col. Cass. SCHLATTER, its affairs are in a prosperous contion, and its value enhanced by the prompiles with which the cars are minuted at the different

The agricultural interests of this part of the State must chiefly lie in the grazing and sin-business. Grain is raised for consumption as for exportation, while butter, cheese, de are a ported in immense quantities. For this brand of business the notthern Counties are as adapted, and the numerous extensive daries of Lewis, Jeffers and Franklin Lewis, Jefferson, St. Lawrence and Franklis Counties are evidences of the extent to which i is carried on. A gentleman of Turin, in Lewis County, bore of the State premium of \$50 to

the geological features of Northern New York are extremely interesting, and were not this communication aiready longer than I designed, would receive an examination. They will afford matter for future reference. The mineral riches of the region, the valuable and inexhaustible beds of region, the valuable and inexhaustible beds of the region of the re iron of superior quality, with the timber, &c.ms) be spoken of hereafter. The direction erest where is "onward," and a few short years all not fail to show unmistalcable fruits of the present

impulses.